

*The history*

For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,  
But by the forge that stichied *Mars* his helme.  
Ile kill thee euery where, yea ore and ore.  
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,  
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,  
But ile endeavour deeds to match these words,  
Or may I neuer—

*Ajax*. Do not chafe thee cozen,  
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone,  
Till accident or purpose bring you too't,  
You may haue euery day enough of *Hector*,  
If you haue stomach, The generall state I feare,  
Can scarce entreate you to be odde with him.

*Hect*. I pray you let vs see you in the field,  
We haue had pelting warres since you refusd, the Grecians  
*Achil*. Dooft thou entreate me *Hector*? (cause.  
To morow do I meet thee fell as death: to night all friends.

*Hect*. Thy hand vpon that match.  
*Agam*. First all you Peeres of Greece, go to my tent,  
There in the full conuiue we: afterwards  
As *Hectors* leisure, and your bounties shall  
Concurre together, seuerally entreate him  
To taste your bounties, let the trumpets blowe,  
That this great souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*.

*Troy*. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth *Calcas* keepe.

*Ulys*. At *Menelaus* tent, most princely *Troilus*:  
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,  
Who neither looks vpon the heauen nor earth,  
But giues all gaze, and bent of amorous view,  
On the faire *Cressida*.

*Troyl*. Shall I sweete Lord be bound to you so much,  
After we part from *Agamemnons* tent,  
To bring me thither.

*Ulys*. You shall command me sir.  
But gentle tell me of what honor was  
This *Cressida* in Troy? had she no louer there  
That wailes her absence?

*Troyl*.

*of Troilus and*

*Tro*. O sir to such as bolting fl  
A mocke is due; will you walke o  
Shee was beloued my Lord, she i  
But still sweet loue is food for for

*Enter Achilles and*

*Ach*. Ile heate his blood with  
Which with my Cemitar ile cool  
*Patroclus* let vs feast him to the l

*Pat*. Here comes *Thersites*.

*Ach*. How now thou cur re o  
Thou crusty batch of nature wha

*The*. Why thou picture of wha  
Of idiot worshippers, heers a lett

*Ach*. From whence fragmen

*The*. Why thou full dish of foo

*Pat*. Who keeps the tent now

*The*. The Surgeons box or the

*Pat*. Well said aduersity, and

*The*. Prithee be silent box I  
Thou art said to be *Achilles* mal

*Pat*. Male varlot you rogue

*The*. Why his masculine whe  
of the south, the guts griping r  
the back, lethergies, could palfies  
whissing lungs, bladders full of in  
kills, ich' palme, incurable bone-  
ple of the tetter, take and take  
discoueries.

*Pat*. Why thou damnable bo  
thou to curse thus.

*The*. do I curse thee.

*Pat*. Why no you ruinous bu  
able cur, no.

*The*. No why art thou then c  
terial skeine of sleiue silke, thou  
eye, thou tosell of a prodigalls p  
world is pestred with such wate

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